

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY - WEEKLY - SUNDAY

Business Office, 115 E. Main Street
 South Richmond, 1020 Hull Street
 Petersburg Bureau, 109 N. Sycamore Street
 Lynchburg Bureau, 115 Eighth Street

BY MAIL One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID Year, Mo. Mo. Mo.
 Daily with Sunday, \$4.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
 Daily without Sunday, 1.00 1.00 1.00
 Sunday edition only, 1.00 1.00 1.00
 Weekly (Wednesday), 1.00 1.00 1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and suburbs and Petersburg.

Daily with Sunday, One Week.
 Daily without Sunday, 5 cents
 Sunday only, 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1902, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1911.

A QUESTION OF NATIONAL HONOR.

General Bixby, the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, who has been directing the work of raising the battleship "Maine" which was sunk in the Harbor of Havana, and was the immediate occasion of the War with Spain, has expressed the opinion that the ship was destroyed by an internal explosion. It was claimed at the time by the yellow newspapers, and the yellow politicians, that the ship had been destroyed by the Spaniards, and that American honor would suffer the contempt of the whole world if the United States should not revenge this fearful outrage by the war of oppression and conquest upon which this country embarked thirteen years ago.

There is nothing new in the opinion expressed by Bixby; it is simply confirmation of the scientific judgment of General A. W. Greeley at the time of the catastrophe. The New York Tribune says that "it has generally been believed, in the navy and by the public at large, that the Maine was chiefly destroyed by the internal explosion of her own magazines," but says the Tribune, "What caused them to explode? There were, according to common consent, two explosions separated by a moment of time. The second was the explosion of the magazines, but it was caused by the former and minor explosion. Was that, also, inside the ship, or was it external? It might have been either."

But "common consent" is not the rule by which this question should be settled. What is it, anyhow, that it should be introduced at this time as any sort of test by which a great question affecting the honor of a nation that has ever been jealous of its honor in its dealing with other nations shall be settled? Why "mumble our words"? Why not be honest with ourselves just once? Why try to cover our infamy by seeking to place the responsibility for this great disaster upon Spain, which we have stripped of its possessions and which we have sought ever since the war of criminal aggression (that is what it was called by President McKinley) in which we engaged to saddle with crime for the destruction of the Maine? There is absolutely nothing to be gained for the United States by lying about it any more. Cuba is free, as of right it should be, the Philippines are owned by the United States, the Spaniards were driven out of their last possessions in this hemisphere, and they are not able to come back. They do not want to take Cuba again, they are doubtless quite content to have gotten rid of the Philippines; but they still have some regard for their national honor, and as we do not seem to care particularly about small things like that we might go so far as to say that the Spaniards were really not to blame for the destruction of the Maine.

We do not agree with The Tribune that if it shall be shown, after the "entire wreck and the surrounding debris and harbor bottom are exposed to careful examination," that the explosion which destroyed the ship was external, "we shall simply have to regard our own navy as no more exempt from such accidental catastrophes than are those of other nations." A good deal more than this should be done. If the explosion should be found to have been internal, as appears to be generally conceded, we should be honest enough and big enough to make a plain statement of the facts to the Government of Spain, with our regrets that we should have gone to war with Spain on false pretences. Better such a shameful confession as that than the lasting reproach upon our national integrity if we shall persist in the determination, which there will be many to approve, of covering up our national dishonor now that our sin has found us out, and the corpus delicti is actually in court to condemn us.

CALLING FOR HELP.

It is precisely as we conjectured. The Roanoke Times does not know anything about watermelon rind preserves, couldn't make them even if the rinds should be given to it, knows that it doesn't know anything about it, and is now calling lustily upon some Virginia housekeeper, to "enter The Times-Dispatch and give official information regarding the latest, supreme use of the watermelon rind." Will she tell him how to perfect the preserve is transcribed like citron (no venture to say the Roanoke Times doesn't even know citron is without looking for it) dictionary just as we done this how it is crisp and delicate and into what endless varieties of fantastic and ornamental it may be carved by deft and deft fingers? We hope she will, he will not send any of it to this office, but unless the whole of the crop on the editor of the Roanoke Times, who appears to need something sweet after all he has been saying and doing about two gentlemen, not to

be otherwise identified here, and now, since the Senatorial campaign began. We should like the housekeeper to cut one of the preserves into a shape which will show in a way how we carved up the editor of our Roanoke contemporary on the Jamaica ginger proposition contained in its original outgiving on the subject of the watermelon rind, who admits now that he "slipped a little" in that respect.

As to the matter of the citron, we would say for the information of the editor of the Roanoke Times that it grows on a tree of Arabic origin, that it is of the variety of the Citrus medica, and that the fruit is distinguished from the lemon by the absence of an umbel at the summit and by its very thick rind. We would say, further, that the watermelon, on a certain sort of watermelon, as known to those of us who know anything about it at all as the Citrullus vulgaris, and that it is this particular melon, with this Coley Blease description, that is sometimes used as a preserve, and chiefly, as it would appear from our authorities, because of its "white and almost flavorless flesh."

As for molasses pie, the Roanoke Times confesses its ignorance. Its editor would not have done so a few years ago when he was very popular down about Due West.

HOLDING UP THE LEGISLATURE.

Governor Hooper, of Tennessee, is very popular with the people. He not only talks about economy, but likewise seeks to have it practiced. Just at present, he is giving the Legislature a lecture course on the fine art of saving public money—almost a lost art now.

There has been "wanton extravagance" in many directions on the part of the Legislature of Tennessee, but its latest attempt at a wholesale salary grab is notorious. The pay rolls of the State have been increased by the employment of men to do nothing. Men are paid to do nothing more than sit in chairs and draw salaries. Thirty-six thousand dollars was piled up by committees which met during a recess of the Legislature. This was extremely wasteful. Each member was allowed \$9 the day, though the Nashville Tennessean is of opinion that "some of them were not worth 9 cents to the public." This, doubtless, is true. Was there ever a committee of which all the members were worth their salt?

In his message to the Legislature on the subject of economy, Governor Hooper says:

"The expenses of the Legislature have been wantonly heaped up by the placing of unnecessary employees on the pay rolls and the retention of them there when it was apparent they were doing nothing. This has been by no means due to the extraordinary length of the session."

Idle porters have been kept hanging around the Tennessee Capitol at an expense of from \$2 to \$3.50 the day. This, too, over the protest of the Superintendent of the Capitol. For the first time, mileage has been paid to a doorkeeper and a page.

The number of women employees in both houses of the Legislature has increased over the Legislature of 1909 from 17 to 35 and the number of days work for which they are paid from 43 to 1,692.

The pay of the clerk and assistant in each house for compiling the Journals after adjournment has been increased from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and \$4,000 was far more than the service is worth.

Two hundred dollars was voted to pay for a room in a hotel rented by a Senator, but now called a "committee room." This was done without previous authority from the Legislature.

So on down the list. The old story of superfluous employees, unnecessary expenditures, the creation of private snags at public expense. Perhaps the "whips" of the General Assembly of Virginia might profit by reading Governor Hooper's message. The creation of useless and wholly idle offices in order to take care of the worn-out or whipped out politicians is a policy not foreign to our own Legislature. Some of the legislative employees of Virginia still have very little to do.

A BRAVE WORD FOR THE COLONEL.

All is not lost. Bela Tokaji, President of the National Progressive League of the State of New York, has written a letter to the Chicago Tribune in which he is "frank enough to admit that in my humble judgment there is no man in America to-day who has as large a following, whom the American people love as dearly, and whom they honor and respect as much as they do Citizen Theodore Roosevelt."

All this has been brought out by the testimony of George H. Earle, Jr., of Philadelphia, in the Sugar Trust investigation and his statement that "Theodore Roosevelt did not do his duty as President of the United States." It has seemed to some persons who have followed the course of this investigation that there was much merit in Earle's statement upon this point, but Mr. Tokaji places the blame, for the apparent failure of President Roosevelt to do his duty in making this charge "come to time" on Charles Jerome Bonaparte, and "as an American citizen who believes in fair play and a square deal," he asks "Is it fair, is it just, is it American to criticize Theodore Roosevelt for accepting advice of a member of his Cabinet, the Attorney-General of the United

States?" We should say not; but it would be interesting to know exactly what sort of "advice" Bonaparte was expected to give in this and other matters upon which he was consulted by the President. If the malfeasors of great wealth who formed the Sugar Trust are to be sent to jail for building up that great enterprise in restraint of trade, manifestly the men who assisted them in carrying out their plans should go with them, and whether The Colonel or his Attorney-General shall be selected for this purpose is immaterial; the country could be amused with either were "tother restrained of his liberty."

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY.

In counting the number of newspaper editors, correspondents and reporters who have been appointed to the rank of Colonel by the Governors of South Carolina, no mention has been made of the most daring of the long list of fighting men who have served with distinction in this position—Colonel George Harvey, of Harper's Weekly, whose military fitness was first recognized by Governor Clinch Heyward, with the assistance of a judge of such matters, and who was so much impressed with Colonel Harvey's prowess that he retained him as an invaluable member of his personal staff during both his terms, in which Heyward honored the State which had honored him, always keeping the New York Colonel at the front near the flashing of whatever it was that made a sound like active firing all along the line.

So faithfully did Colonel Harvey perform his duties that when Governor Ansel succeeded Heyward he also conferred the rank of Colonel on Harvey, so that Harvey is actually the most seasoned of all the newspaper Colonels of South Carolina, which leads us to remark that when Woodrow Wilson is elected President next year, manifestly the first of his official acts should be the appointment of Harvey to be Secretary of War, for which portfolio we now nominate him. In that office as compared with Stimmons he would shine like the morning star. "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" Woodrow Wilson is coming, and that grim-visaged impersonation of War riding at his side is Harvey!

BACK TO THE FARM.

How many graduates of agricultural college courses go back to the farm? That question has been asked frequently since the "back to the farm" movement came into prominence. At every agricultural college a different answer is to be found, but quite generally it has been ascertained that a large proportion of agricultural students go into other pursuits than agriculture.

Iowa seems to afford a pleasing exception. There the graduates of agricultural colleges have really gone back to the farm. This is especially noteworthy in one branch of agricultural education, animal husbandry. In the years 1910 and 1911, sixty-six young men finished their courses in animal husbandry at the Iowa State College. Of that number, fifty-two are to-day actually engaged in farming, six are employed as college instructors in agriculture, three are engaged in agricultural journalism, two are teachers of agriculture in high schools, and one is in dairy test work. Every one of the sixty-six has taken up some pursuit allied with agriculture; nearly every man has really gone back to the farm.

It is well to note that every man of the sixty-six is profitably and pleasantly placed. That speaks highly of the advantages of an agricultural education for young men. It affords the average young man opportunities larger and better than the law, medicine or business in cities, and it opens a life that means health and wealth if rightly lived. Many a first-class farmer who would have made good money is now pining away in a dim and dusty law office or praying for the patients that never come.

THE SUICIDE RATE.

For the year 1910 the suicide rate of American cities dropped to 19.7 per 100,000, against an average of 21 for 1909 and 21.8 for 1908.

The West showed the highest suicide rates. San Francisco leads the list, with 176, or 42.2 per 100,000. Seattle had 72 suicides, or 30.4 for every 100,000 population. Portland, Oregon, had 53 suicides, or 25.6 for every 100,000 inhabitants.

Los Angeles had 59 suicides, 21 for every 100,000 population. Sacramento and Oakland showed 15 and 48, respectively, or an average of 33.6 and 32 to every 100,000 inhabitants. Denver had 68 suicides, or 31.9 to every 100,000 persons.

Perhaps the queerest fact brought out by these statistics is that New York's suicide rate is comparatively low, only 523 persons killing themselves in Manhattan and the Bronx, or 13.9 for every 100,000.

Gloucester, Massachusetts, and Newport, Rhode Island, showed no suicides in 1910. Most New England cities had a low rate of self-destruction.

Commenting on these suicide figures, Frederick L. Hoffman says in the Spectator that the decline in suicides for the year corresponds to a decline in business failures, and shows a closer relation between the suicidal rate and the rate of business failures.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"
 "And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." St. Luke XIII, 6-9.

This parable is one of the easiest to understand. In the corner of the vineyard, protected by its walls, a fig tree has been planted. For two years the master of the vineyard has come eagerly expecting to see the promised fruit. Each time he met with disappointment, and the third time the same result caused him to lose patience. The tree is a failure. Why leave it to exhaust the soil other plants need? His order is, "Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?"

The vine dresser, however, pleads for it. He asks to be allowed to dig around and care for it just one year more. There the parable ends, leaving this great hope for the fig tree, "if it bear fruit, well," but also the great risk, "if not, then after that thou shalt be cut down."

This parable has its lesson for every age. Our life has been planted in the vineyard chosen and guarded by God's faithful care. We have been born in a Christian country, inheriting the traditions of Christian life. By baptism we have been planted in that body in which all the life-giving energies of the Divine Spirit are ever ready for our growth and nurture.

Every gift necessary for our Godward growth has been bestowed upon us. Yet when we look at our lives as they really are, can we say that they show signs of growth corresponding to all these possibilities with which we were endowed? As life goes on are we living nearer to God? Do we spend any part of our time in communion with God?

If at our best moments we feel, as we must, heart-sick at ourselves for the little growth we have accomplished, how can we measure the disappointment of the God who made us? Was it for us to continue poor, trifling creatures, filled with ignoble aims and petty sins, that God Almighty gave us our birth in nature and our new birth in Christ?

The lifeless, unprogressive, conventional Christianity into which we are all apt to drift simply cumber the ground. It often checks the enthusiasm of others; it tempts men to doubt whether there is any reality at all in our professed religion, when it has grown to be a perfunctory church-going, with no real live Christian spirit pervading each act of our lives. As we allow our life to become dim and feeble in its Christian endeavor, just in proportion do we become cumberers of the soil.

Why is it that God is so patient with us? It is the pleading of the vine dresser for the barren fig tree. The Son of Man has identified Himself with the plants of the vineyard. He has obtained the right to plead that they should be spared yet awhile, and an honest confession of our barrenness brings us within the protection of His pleading. But we must not presume upon that pleading; we must remember the conditions, "If it bears fruit, well, but, if not, it must be cut down." It is only through growth that we can attain the "assurance of salvation." Only through daily prayer and submission to His will can we begin at last to bear fruit and stand the scrutiny of God.

Our Lord put the truth in the plainest words: "If that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for apart from Me ye can do nothing." This "abiding in Christ" means the daily merging of our life, in every purpose every desire and every plan, into His. This can only be accomplished through faith, prayer and self-discipline. Prayer is the inward activity of faith. It means the uplifting of our souls to God as the supreme end of all our aims. We must not only pray for what we want, but for what God wants us to be. We can be certain that any pursuit or ambition is worthy of us as Christians when we can ask Him to accept and bless it. On the other hand, any act or desire that we feel we cannot ask God to further, we may know is un-Christian.

Many of us may not clearly discern that we are bearing fruit. Sometimes it is better that we should not, but that inward growth, strengthened by His grace, will be felt outwardly by others, and our example to all in the range of our influence will be helpful to them and further God's kingdom here on earth. This is the bearing of fruit wherein our Lord tells us the Father is glorified. On such lives the Creator looks to rejoice in what He has made. Is it not a wonderful thought that our lives may become a joy to God who gave them? To give joy to God—surely this is the most uplifting and inspiring ambition of life.

"It has been my experience," says an esteemed correspondent from never mind where, "that editors as a rule are rather uncertain quantities." We don't believe it; that is to say, none of the editors with whom we have been thrown in any sort of close touch have ever given any sign of such a disposition. The allegation, however, would be an interesting subject for discussion at the meeting of the Virginia Press Association to be held at the Natural Bridge this week. Perhaps if we could only see ourselves as others see us, we should try not to show so much of ourselves to the heathen who rage on the outside.

"We, Virginians boast of being conservative," says our correspondent, Mr. Midyette. In his letter which we print to-day, that is greatly to their credit; but it is equally to their credit that Virginians also take a just pride in their character for telling the truth. We really do not care anything about Dr. Dodd, what his opinions on political subjects may be or may not be, whether

he is for this candidate or that candidate or the other candidate. He is entitled to a fair hearing; but he ought to tell the truth. Our correspondent says: "Dr. Dodd may have been wrong in some things he has charged. Necessarily, he cannot know all the minute facts having to do with these charges." Not "may have been," but was. If he could not have been accurate in his statements, he should not have made them. "Necessarily," he should have told the truth if he expected anybody to believe him.

It is worth noting probably, that the Southern Railway authorities, for no reason whatsoever so far as the plain people on the outside know, have changed the name of the flag station "Telegram" to the Greenwood Division from "Telegram" to "Greenland." Fortunately, few people ever care to get off at a place with such a name as that.

Voice of the People

Pleased With Dodd.
 To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Sir,—I am sure that there are many readers of The Times-Dispatch who welcomed the opportunity to read a few days ago the speech made by Dr. W. E. Dodd, at Atlas, Va., the Fourth of July.

His speech has met with sharp criticism and even condemnation by some who, either from some "special interest," or from apathy, resent any attack on things as they are, persons who cling tenaciously to their idols and who prefer to content themselves with what is than to exert themselves to seek the truth and bring about what ought to be.

Dr. Dodd may have been wrong in some things he has charged. Necessarily he cannot know all the minute and particular facts having to do with these charges. Dr. Dodd has long been a student of government and politics, especially of that of our own State, and the "little professor" could probably give to some of the wisest of the big political men of our Commonwealth pointers in statesmanship.

If he be wrong, he would do no harm; if right, then we owe him sincere thanks for being in the forefront of those who are fighting the way for better government in Virginia. Up in Hampton they still remember how, a few years ago, with the aid of a county newspaper, he overturned conditions which had long been fixed, and was chiefly responsible for relieving the State from a most unhappy and undemocratic state of affairs.

We Virginians boast of being conservative. It shows at least that we are contented, and there's virtue in that. But let us beware lest we become slaves of our own conservatism! So hit them again, "little professor," and if those who answer you say, "Peace, peace, all is well," let them but look about them and see the growing number of those who refuse to be satisfied with blind and groundless assurances, and wish to know the truth, the facts.

It was an Independence Day speech and it was independent all the way through. Here's to the doctor and to any others like him who are not afraid to warn us lest through inertia we fall to guard the liberties so hard-ly gained, and sometimes, unfortunately, too lightly esteemed.

D. R. MIDYETTE, JR.
 Richmond, July 7, 1911.

The Heart Knoweth.
 And those we know
 We fall to guard again,
 That nevermore as 'twas before
 Will come the old-time pain.

Ourself, we laugh,
 And gaily grieve,
 Our portion of life's wine;
 It floweth free, 'tis well that we
 Should drink and not repine.

Then suddenly,
 A melody,
 Or fragrance, faint, now gone,
 Brings back the tears of years.

To eyes that still smile on,
 MABEL LAIRD GOODE.
 Boydton.

Another "Dixie."
 (July 4, 1911, and on)
 For "Dixie Land" we're making a stand.

Brothers join in the band,
 That we the very best may raise,
 Striving each and all the days,
 Way down South in Dixie.

So work we all in Dixie,
 Work away, work away,
 So work we all in Dixie,
 Way down South in Dixie.

What we can raise at nothing stops—
 Coal, iron, steel, corn, tobacco crops—
 We fall to guard the brawn and brain,
 Children join all in the train.

Working here we work for all,
 United we stand, divided fall,
 So let us each in every station,
 Strive to build up our great nation,
 Way down South in Dixie.

A. C. CHALMERS.
 Washington, D. C.

Daily Queries and Answers

"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Will you publish the lines written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe on the burial of Sir John Moore?

READER. We regret that we cannot comply with your request. Lack of space forbids the republication in this column of poems and songs.

"The Recording Angel," Etc. Will you tell where this quotation was taken from? The recording angel dropped a tear and blotted it out forever."

R. A. HALL. The quotation is from the "Recording Angel" as he wrote it down, dropping a tear upon the world and blotted it out forever." This appears in "Tristram Shandy," original edition, Vol. 6, chapter 8.

Kyrle Bellew. Your reply to the subscriber who asked for the proper spelling of Kyrle Bellew's name was no doubt just as funny to him as it struck me. I am perhaps better informed on the subject than any one in this office, being a personal friend of the actor and having had long business dealings with him. If you desire to set yourself straight with the subscriber who queried you, you may inform him that

the name is pronounced Kyr-le Bel-lew. The accent is upon the first syllable of the Christian name, which he takes from his uncle, John Kyrle. The accent is not on the second syllable of the family name, which he adopted from his mother's family, but on the first, Bel. Bellew's real name is John Kyrle Higgins.

FRANK G. GROSSMAN.

Old Newspapers. I have a copy each of the Richmond Whig and Public Advertiser of 1834 and 1835. What are they worth?

EXQUIRER. In this column we do not undertake to give the values of old coins, antiques, newspapers, or similar articles. These papers are of value. We have no doubt, write to Dr. H. R. McIlwaine, State Librarian for the information you desire.

"I Have Written Him." Will you print the song containing these words: "I have written him a letter that will tell him he is free and this moment and forever he is nothing more to me than a name." A READER.

We regret that we cannot comply with your request. Space does not allow songs to be printed in this column.

THROWN INTO FIRE AS ACT OF CONSCIENCE

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY.

SOME of the most remarkable works of the late Sir Richard Burton, the famous explorer, translations from the Oriental masterpieces of literature, have remained inaccessible to the general public by reason of their peculiar laws, notably his unique expurgated edition of the "Arabian Nights." The most, but likewise the most improper of them all, entitled, "My memory of the late Sir Richard Burton," was thrown into the fire by Lady Burton, after her husband's death, as an "act of conscience," fearing that the book, which might do it fell into wrong hands. It may be remembered that she was a particular devotee of Roman Catholicism, one of the Arundels of Wardour.

The case of another one of these marvelous suppressed works of his has just been brought to light, through a peculiar law, brought in by the name of Alexander, against the Hon. Henry F. W. Manners-Sutton, eldest son and heir of Viscount Canterbury, and member of the British House of Cope & Fenwick. It seems that Sir Richard Burton wrote an extraordinary erudite work entitled "The Jewish Sacrifice," among the Sephardim, or Eastern Jews, his information being derived almost entirely from Oriental, and especially from Moslem sources. Lady Burton, who was a devoted Christian, was deeply shocked by this work, which was unpublished, and her husband's death, and when she turned, she bequeathed it to trustees, in connection with the coronation of the British forces in the most learned members of the British diplomatic service, and is a grandson of the late General Hughes, who commanded the British forces in the War with Burma, more than fifty years ago; a campaign in which Field Marshal Lord Wolseley won his spurs as a commander of the British forces.

Sir Henry possesses a most remarkable knowledge of Oriental languages, and is particularly proficient in Turkish, and Persian. He was for a long time confidential secretary to the late Sir William White, when the latter was ambassador at Stamboul, and probably knows more about the history of the political situation in the Southeast of Europe, and possesses a more complete mastery of what is known as the Eastern question, than any other member of the English diplomatic service. He is essentially the right man in the right place at Sofia, and it is probable that his first wound in the line of promotion will be the ambassadorship at Constantinople. He has served at Teheran, Cairo, Vienna, Stockholm and Copenhagen, besides Washington and Berlin.

He is a member of the ultra-exclusive Travelers' Club in London, owns a pretty country seat in the county of Durham, known as Howdon-le-Spring, and has some American connections through the marriage of his late wife's brother, Count A. Gyldesten, and now Swedish ambassador at Paris, to the daughter of Sir Francis Plunkett, one time ambassador to the Court of Vienna, and whose widow is the daughter of Charles W. Morgan, of Philadelphia.

The Gyldestenopes are descendants, on the maternal side, of that Count Fersen who was devoted to Queen Marie Antoinette, and who caused to be constructed the traveling carriage for the flight of the King and Queen, driving it himself, on the memorable night of June 20, 1793. As every student of history knows, Louis XVI. and his consort would have escaped the guillotine, had it not been for the King's voracious appetite, which led him to insist upon losing a number of precious hours at Varennes, in order that he might devour a truffled turkey, thus giving the Royalists necessary time to catch up with him. Count Fersen was of Scotch ancestry, a descendant of one of the Macphersons who served under King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War.

(Copyright, 1911, by the Brentwood Company.)

NOTICE

The National State and

City Bank

Have removed to their temporary quarters at

1109 East Main St.

While Their Bank Building is Being Remodeled